

they look in vain," and the aged fishermen still recount to the young people assembled round the fire in the long winter evenings the history which gave the rock its singular name.

One day there landed upon the coast a young woman who was completely unknown. She was observed to wander upon the sandy shore, then to climb slowly and sadly the path to the solitary rock. She remained there for many long hours gazing, with a look of the most intense longing, far across the sea towards the distant horizon, whilst a shade of the most inexpressible disappointment passed over her countenance. Day followed day, and still she always sought the summit of the rock, remaining for hours gazing into the depths of the sea. At times, a deep sigh escaped her, and the tears flowed unrestrained from her eyes. The poor fisher folk wished to discover the cause of her unhappiness, that they might offer her some consolation. Their hearts overflowed with sympathy and pity for the poor lonely creature. But the only words that ever fell from her lips were: "Nothing ever comes; I wait long and in vain."

At the earliest dawn, the poor maniac, for such she was through grief, sought the spot which had for her so strange a fascination, nor could any entreaty or persuasion prevail upon her to return until the night was far spent. And on stormy days, when the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed over the bare and rugged rock, when the tempest-tossed waves, unchained by the wind, swelled with fury into foaming mountain billows, the poor woman, her limbs rigid with cold and exposure, her eyes lit up by a strange, unnatural fire, still stood upon the brink of the watery abyss, fixedly gazing into the depths. She might well have been taken for a statue of Sorrow, were it not for the heart-rending sobs and despairing cries which mingled with the noise of the

tempest and the ceaseless roar of the waters. But she waited in vain, for what she watched and longed for came not.

And when at length death released her from her lonely vigils, the fishermen entombed her body in the grotto of the rock, closing her lonely sea-girt grave with a stone, and marking with the cross her place of repose. . . .

Upon the brink of the dark and gloomy gulf of expiation there are souls who, perhaps, for many long years have patiently and longingly gazed towards earth's distant shores, waiting for some charitable action, or some softly-murmured prayer, that might bring them solace in their sufferings, or might terminate their exile.

But the wished-for succor never comes—there is no friendly hand stretched out to aid them. They are in the midst of an ocean of suffering, from which there is no deliverance until their debt is paid to the last farthing, until their souls, tried like gold in a crucible, are completely freed from the dross of sin, and worthy of being admitted to the presence of God. It is hard to wait, when they love, long, and sigh to be at rest in the Bosom of the Eternal Father—hard to wait in their prison of exile, when they are thirsting for the delights of the City of God . . . and yet wait in vain.

*Annals of Our Lady
of the Sacred Heart.*

We ought to imitate the liberality of the soil, which repays, with usurious interest, the smallest seed that is sown therein. Holy Scripture compares an ungrateful person to a field or vine, which remains barren, though carefully cultivated; on the other hand, a grateful man is like a fruitful field, which increases in value a hundredfold. It is thus that we must act towards those from whom we have received benefits.

St. Ambrose.

Prayers for a lost soul are jewels; heaven their reward.